

Church of God

May 7, 1956

# Evangel



*A typical mother and grandmother.*



*Mrs. C. J. Abbott*

**“Mother  
of the  
Year”**

*in the Church of God*



# the Readers' response

To the Editor:

I have been a subscriber to the Church of God Evangel since 1919. My children are all grown now, but when they were little they would lay the Evangel on me when I became sick and God would heal me. I have trusted God for my healing for 30 years. One day we passed by a colored man's house and asked him if he ever read the Church of God Evangel. He smiled and said yes, he had one in his trunk which he had kept for two years. He would take it out and read it and it would make him very happy. The Evangel was scarce in that day.

Mrs. Mary Pierce  
Ravia, Oklahoma

To the Editor:

I have been a subscriber to the Evangel since 1930; and I think it is the best it has ever been, especially the four issues in January.

R. O. Woodruff  
Selma, California

To the Editor:

I want to express my appreciation for the fine Church of God Evangel which I have enjoyed reading so very much since it has been reorganized for the Church's seventieth anniversary. I have been reading the Evangel since 1944 and, as always, it is my favorite church publication.

William D. Polen  
Laurel, Mississippi

To the Editor:

I think the Church of God Evangel is fine and I would not do without it. It has been coming to my home for over 43 years, so it would seem as if someone had gone from my home if it did not come. I love its pages, for it is food to me.

Mrs. Earnest F. Hole  
East Chattanooga, Tennessee

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## Church of God Evangel

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### DECLARATION OF FAITH

#### WE BELIEVE

1. In the verbal inspiration of the Bible.
2. In one God eternally existing in three persons; namely, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
3. That Jesus Christ is the only begotten Son of the Father, conceived of the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary. That Jesus was crucified, buried, and raised from the dead; that He ascended to heaven and is today at the right hand of the Father as the Intercessor.
4. That all have sinned and come short of the glory of God, and that repentance is commanded of God for all and necessary for forgiveness of sins.
5. That justification, regeneration, and the new birth are wrought by faith in the blood of Jesus Christ.
6. In sanctification subsequent to the new birth, through faith in the blood of Christ; through the Word, and by the Holy Ghost.
7. Holiness to be God's standard of living for His people.
8. In the baptism of the Holy Ghost subsequent to a clean heart.
9. In speaking with other tongues as the Spirit gives utterance, and that it is the initial evidence of the baptism of the Holy Ghost.
10. In water baptism by immersion, and all who repent should be baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.
11. Divine healing is provided for all in the atonement.
12. In the Lord's Supper and washing of the saints' feet.
13. In the premillennial second coming of Jesus. First, to resurrect the righteous dead and to catch away the living saints to Him in the air. Second, to reign on the earth a thousand years.
14. In the bodily resurrection; eternal life for the righteous and eternal punishment for the wicked.

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Coming Next Week  
"PENTECOST ISSUE"

Your editorial of March 18 states that the baptism with the Holy Ghost is not essential to salvation. If that be true John the Baptist accused Jesus of coming to deal in nonessentials (Matthew 3:11 and Acts 2:38, 39). Then in 1 John 5:7, "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one." In John's Gospel 1:14 we read, "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth." Read Matthew 12:28-33 and John 14:25, 26. Then, in John 16:5-14, Jesus said it was expedient that he go away; if he went not away, the Comforter would not come. If there ever was a time we need the old-time Holy Ghost conviction, it is now. Jesus said the Holy Ghost would reprove the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment. We are living in the Holy Ghost dispensation. Jesus commanded his disciples not to depart from Jerusalem but to wait for the promise of the Father which sayeth he, "Ye have heard of me, for John truly baptized with water but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence."

(Rev.) E. E. Simmons  
Wimauma, Florida

• Use of the word "salvation" was probably vague. The thought in mind was that the baptism of the Holy Ghost is not essential to conversion or the forgiveness of sins. It is an essential part of the plan of salvation. Note that the editorial did not speak of the Holy Ghost, but only of the baptism of believers.—Editor.

To the Editor:

I look forward every week for the Evangel for I always read it through. I just can not say which issue is the best for each one is so good. The divine healing issue surely was a great blessing to me. I give each issue away because I want to share such good news with someone else. From the time I was a small girl until I was grown, my mother always had the Evangel coming to our home; and since I have had a home of my own, I have always had the Evangel coming to our home. Our children have grown up with it. May God bless each one that makes the Evangel what it is.

Beulah Southerland  
Greenville, South Carolina

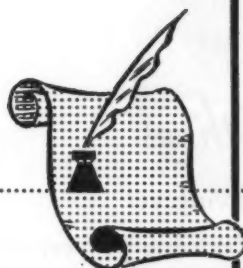
## "Mother of the Year"

ONE OF THE CHIEF reasons for the growth of the Church of God is the character of its mothers. In honor of these mothers the *Evangel* solicited nominations for a "Mother of the Year." A selection committee then chose the "Mother of the Year" from these nominations. The committee was composed of a general official, a state overseer, and a pastor—James A. Cross, Assistant General Overseer; W. E. Johnson, Overseer of Tennessee; and Earl P. Paulk, Jr., Pastor of the Hemphill Avenue Church of God in Atlanta, Georgia. The points considered by the committee were: (1) the mother's application toward the rearing of her children, (2) her church work and faithfulness to the Church, (3) her qualifications as a good neighbor, (4) the consideration of what her children are now doing and (5) any special or unusual Christian work she may have done.

The decision of the committee was necessarily a difficult one. So many worthy mothers were nominated, and all deserved recognition, that any one of those nominated might have been named "Mother of the Year." The committee conscientiously made its selection according to the information given with the nomination and I feel that they have made an outstanding choice.

Mrs. C. J. Abbott of Bridgeville, Delaware, was the unanimous selection of the committee as "Mother of the Year." This Christian mother's example should be an inspiration to all of our mothers everywhere. Our mothers know the meaning of sacrifice and toil, and the credit of much work that is being done belongs to them.

Sister Abbott is due the recognition of all of us as an outstanding mother, wife, and servant of the Lord. W. C. Byrd, Overseer of Delaware and Maryland, has written concerning her, "Sister Abbott is the mother of thirteen children, twelve are now living. She has been married for thirty-eight years. Her husband is an ordained minister and she has helped him in many ways. She has taught Sunday School for twenty-seven years of the twenty-eight years as member and pioneer worker of Maryland and Delaware. She and her husband have made many sacrifices to stay in the ministry at a small salary for most of the twenty-seven years. Sister



## The Editor's Message

Abbott often worked in canning plants and so forth to help support Brother Abbott and educate the children. All of the twelve children are Christians, and all, except one, are members of the Church. The youngest is saved and is secretary of the Sunday School but has not received the Holy Ghost yet or become a member of the Church. Most of the children sing and take very active parts in playing musical instruments. Two of the boys are ministers in the Church. Emerson is state youth director of Indiana and Darcy is pastor of the Church in Altoona, Pennsylvania. Another daughter married Paul Cook. They are very active in the youth work in Tennessee, and he is pastor of the Kingsport Church. Another daughter married a young minister, Brother Caldwell, and they now pastor at Newville, Pennsylvania. Brother Cook's wife, Emily, is an exhorter in the Church. All the children were saved at a young age and have taken an active place in the work both before and after their marriages. Several of the children attended Bible School at Headquarters."

One of her own family has related concerning her, "She has often moved, packed and unpacked, with her small children, in strange cities and towns, many times not knowing where the next meal or next pair of shoes was coming from, but always trusting God for 'He will never leave us nor forsake us.' God always supplied the need. On one occasion after moving into the mountains of Kitzmiller and Cumberland, the baby became sick with whooping cough and pneumonia, and nothing seemed to help. God saw best to call the precious jewel to be with Him. These were very sad days, but the Bible says, 'Cast your care upon him for he careth for you.'" After the children were old enough to leave, she worked in factories and canneries to help bear the finances while working in new fields for God.

She always did what she could for missions, and so forth although she felt she could never give enough to the Lord for what He had done for her. One sad morning she said goodbye to her daughter who was leaving for India as a missionary. Not knowing whether or not she would see her again in this life, she prayed that she would be a soul winner.

(Continued on page 10)



## Faith of Our Mothers

Faith of our mothers, living yet

In cradle song and bedtime prayer,  
In nursery love and fireside lore,

Thy presence still pervades the air.  
Faith of our mothers, living faith,  
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our mothers, lavish faith,  
The fount of childhood's trust and grace,  
O may thy consecration prove

The wellspring of a nobler race.  
Faith of our mothers, lavish faith,  
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our mothers, guiding faith,  
For youthful longings—youthful doubts,  
How blurred our vision, blind our way,  
Thy providential core without.

Faith of our mothers, guiding faith,  
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our mothers, Christian faith,  
In truth beyond our man-made creeds,  
Still serve the home and save the church,  
And breathe thy spirit through our deeds.  
Faith of our mothers, Christian faith,  
We will be true to thee till death.

Arthur B. Patten, 1920—

## A BOY'S

By Clyne W. Buxton

**C**AN YOU THINK of anything more precious to a boy than his mother? I can't. No other person has ever filled the unique place which his mother fills in his life. This poem, By James Whitcomb Riley, though written on the light side, well illustrates a boy's feelings toward his mother.

*My Mother she's so good to me,  
Ef I was good as I could be,  
I couldn't be as good—no, sir!  
Can't any boy be good as her!*

*She loves me when I'm glad or sad;  
She loves me when I'm good or bad.  
An, what's a funniest thing, she says  
She loves me when she punishes.*

*I don't like her to punish me—  
That don't hurt—but it hurts to see  
Her cryin'—nen I cry; an' nen  
We both cry an be good again.*

*She loves me when she cuts an' sews  
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;  
An when my Pa comes home to tea,  
She loves him most as much as me.*

*She laughs an' tells him all I said,  
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;  
An' I hug her and hug my Pa  
An love him purt' nigh as much as Ma.*

To most boys, home and mother are just about synonymous terms. When a boy thinks of home he often thinks of how well mother can iron his shirts or make potato pies or how well she can tell Bible stories. Thank the Lord for mothers who are keenly conscious of the unexcelled value of the Bible in a boy's life. Though my mother lived until I was grown and married, one of the very first things that comes to my mind in remembering her is her reading chapters of the Bible nightly to us children, and my father, as we lounged about the fireplace. Since I did not have the opportunity to attend Sunday School or youth services until I was nineteen years old, I would have known virtually nothing about God's Word in my childhood had it not been for my Bible-loving mother.

Mother, may I remind you here of the vast responsibility that is yours! You have children in your home. They are God-given, but chances are they will never see God's face in peace except you teach them of Him. See the weighty liability? They are souls in your hands. Are you

# MOTHER

## State Youth Director of Alabama

doing anything in your home to "bring up the child in the way he should go"? Do not leave that vital teaching to the Sunday School alone, for your children spend only about thirty minutes each Sunday in actual Bible study. Don't leave that all-important training to the youth service alone. This is very helpful, but it alone will not suffice for your child's spiritual training. You see, God's plan is that the church, the youth, and the home work hand in hand, making a complete circle. And you are the hub of that circle!

Would it not be fitting, Mother, in this Mother's Day season, for you to humbly bow before the Almighty and rededicate your role as a mother to Him? Ask for His guidance in your mammoth task of building lives. After this dedicatory prayer why not vow to spend at least a few minutes in Bible study with your children every day, if possible. A good Bible story book, such as Hulburts', is helpful.

One unknown writer, in speaking of his saintly mother, wrote:

*"Mother, because of thee:*

*I know the meaning of the song of the birds.*

*I know the splendors of unmeasured sacrifice.*

*I know the rich glories of patient faith.*

*I know the uncalculated sublimities of stainless love.*

*Yes, because of thee, I know God."*

I can not think of any person more godly and devout than a godly mother. The influence that a Christ-loving mother has over her children is astounding. Did you ever note how many of our great men of the past had mothers who revered God? Lincoln, Lord Byron, D. L. Moody, and Abbott readily acknowledged the lasting effect of their godly mother's influence upon their lives. Can a mother aspire to anything higher than for her children to step forward, as did these great men, "and call her blessed"?

Even the Government of the United States acknowledges the virtues of pure motherhood. This was done by an act of Congress in 1914. In that same year when President Woodrow Wilson was proclaiming the second Sunday of May as the official Mother's Day, he stated: "The services rendered the United States by the American mother is the greatest source of the country; we honor ourselves and the mothers of America when we do anything to give emphasis to the home as the fountainhead of the state." Since mother and home are so closely related, it is interesting to note that a London magazine one time asked its subscribers to define a home. Out of nearly one thousand replies, six were selected as the best definitions of a home:



Home—A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in,  
Home—A place where the small are great, and the great are small.

Home—The father's kingdom, the mother's world, and the child's paradise.

Home—The place where we grumble the most and are treated the best.

Home—The center of our affection, 'round which our heart's best wishes twine.

Home—The place where our stomach gets three square meals a day and our hearts a thousand.

I reiterate, in his mind, a boy ties Mother and home closely together. In the office, Dad is supreme; on the tractor Dad is boss, but in the home Mother reigns. To father and son home is a haven—a sheltering harbor. Frank Strickland tells of a simple and beautiful incident in the life of Henry Grady, one of the South's greatest men. Mr. Grady had become nationally known and esteemed for his intellect and magnanimity. In the midst of his fame he made the discovery that, as he himself put it, "something had gone out of my life." He had gained fame and honor and distinction, but he had lost something, and he missed it. The loss created a vacuum, an emptiness that hurt.

Abandoning business cares and responsibilities for the time, he returned to the little cabin home and to his old mother. One night after supper he rather surprised his mother by saying, after a long silence, "Mother, I want you to sing the good old songs you used to sing to me when you rocked me to sleep." The dear old lady complied, crooning softly those immortal southern melodies and the good old hymns that good old mothers sing in the good old way.

After she had sung thus sweetly and softly for a time, Henry Grady said, "Now, Mother, before we retire I want to kneel with my head on your lap and say my prayers, like I used to do right here in this room." At his mother's knee, with her thin, withered hand on his head, this statesman, this man of affairs, repeated as he used to do when he was a small boy, "Now I lay me down to sleep." When he had finished the four simple lines, he arose, and said to his mother: "out in the busy world of busy people, with cares and responsibilities and big issues, I discovered that I had lost something; something had gone out of my life. I felt sure that here at home with you I could find it, and I've found it. I was about to be blindfolded a little by the pomp and ceremony of temporary things. I've found what I was about to lose, and I'm happy once more." Thusly, a mother's godly influence upon her little boy stayed with that boy when he became a national figure, a man of political power. Mother, you are having an influence upon your boy. Is it good or bad?

## **Building With the Bible in the Home**

By Dr. Clyde M. Narramore

Consulting Psychologist

Office of the Los Angeles County Supt. of Schools

ONE TIME I heard a wealthy man and his wife say, "We are doing our best for our sons and daughter, but it is not our intention to leave them a financial fortune."

Naturally, I was surprised to hear such a statement, and I listened as they continued their explanation: "We have spent much time with our children—enjoying every minute with them. We have given them partial financial support through school, and we have led each one of them to the Lord Jesus Christ. We have taught them the Word of God. They are prepared for life."

It is surely true that when a person knows Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, and is instructed in the ways of the Bible, he is prepared for life. These are the most important things.

We are living in days of big business. Wheels are frantically whizzing around, producing items not by the dozens but by the millions. But for parents the greatest business of all is leading sons and daughters to a saving knowledge of Christ, and daily instructing them in the things of God!

How lamentable that so many men and women succeed at building a business or a reputation, but fail miserably at building a home. Parents who neglect their families, however successful they may be before the world, are failures before God.

"How," you may ask, "do you build a home?" The best way is for parents to know the Word of God themselves, then teach it to their children. "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up," Deuteronomy 6:6, 7.

For good mental health, for joy, and stability, there is nothing like the Word of God. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children," Isaiah 54:13.

When we build our homes with the Bible, we not only give our family members the best in the world, but eternal life—heaven too!

The

## **Commandment**

*Ephesians 6:2, Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise. Exodus 20:12, Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*

**J**HUNDERING FROM Mount Sinai comes the "voice of God" expressing to man his duty to his Creator and to his fellow man. Embodied in this decalogue of duty are the principles to govern man's obligations, conscience, and entire economy. Emerging from these words of power comes the command with promise which forms the basis of nations, communities, neighborhoods, and international stability—"Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." As this potent command of God is analyzed, it is immediately evident that it is of no little consequence: for from the pen of the "Apostle of Ages," we recognize the words of Mosaic inspiration as they ring a millennium later confirmed and re-emphasized to the people of grace and a new covenant—"Honour thy father and mother: which is the first commandment with promise." As the thoughts of our nation turn to honor the *flower of womanhood*—a mother—the commandment with promise is brought sharply into focus, for in the words of Helen Hunt Jackson, "The woman who creates and sustains a home, and under whose hands children grow up to be strong and pure men and women is a creator second only to God."

### **THE REQUIREMENT—Honor**

With this all-important thought of the second creator in mind it is necessary to notice the requirement of the command which brings to light a word of very lofty ideals: *honor*—the basis of respect and admiration; *honor*—the delight to serve and obey; *honor*—the will to cherish and treasure; *honor*—the determination to suffer and sacrifice; *honor*—the blessing of cooperation and mutual support. This is the requirement to be adhered to by the children of men as they turn to the commandment of promise.

The statistics and behaviour of the present-day world point to the prophecy of the last days of "disobedience to parents," and while trends of delinquency and crime continue to fulfill this prognostication of Timothy, there seems to be no answer or solution in sight. The word *honor* is lost from sight when headlines blare, "Boy kills mother and laughs"; "Daughter expresses hate for father"; "Mother murders children and commits suicide"; "Father abandons three." There seems to be nothing but the blackness of sin and the haze of the "last days." The reason for much of the loss of honor to mothers and fathers and for many family and youth problems



# With Promise

By Paul Laverne Walker  
State Youth Director of California

is that the modern mother has failed to recognize the words of Paul which cry out "provoke not your children to wrath." Thus, in the place of kindly advice there is alcohol-filled cursing; in the place of an affectionate tap, there is the nicotine-stained slap; in the place of spiritual guidance, there is the Sunday hangover and Sabbath desecration; in the place of loving discipline, there is the laugh at petty thievery, early drinking, adolescent smoking, and premature profanity. It has often been said, "As the parents do; so do the children," and how true this proves to be. May God help mothers and fathers to awake to the need of meriting the requirement of this command, for the only answer to the problem of delinquency, teen-age crime, and youthful sinning is the love of a Mother which will bring honor from her children. There can be no honor without worthiness; there can be no honor without character; there can be no honor without merited love; there can be no honor without character; there can be no honor without confidence. As a parent, one must take inventory and personally ask the question, "Can I stand before God and be worthy of the honor of a son or daughter?" Honor begins with parental example and ends with the undying devotion and admiration of a child for that parent.

## THE REASON—thy father and mother

Turning from the point of fulfilling the requirement of being worthy of honor, the command of promise illustrates the reason honor should be given to parents and, at this season of thought, more particularly to mother. It gives us the reason in essence of nature—"thy father and mother." By virtue of her very title the mother of the home is due the supreme honor which can be given only to the one who travails for the child. It has been aptly said by Henri Frederic Amiel, "Woman is the salvation or destruction of the family. She carries its destiny in the folds of her mantle." With this arduous task on her shoulders, Mother is to be honored for her experience which she so untiringly tries to communicate to unwilling children, for her sacrifice in extending benefits to her offspring which she, herself, never received; for her extreme bond of love which is rarely, if ever, appreciated or reciprocated; for her concern which carries her to prayer and long hours of waiting for the homeward steps of a wayward child, for her devotion which places her on long vigils beside the sick bed; for the little things which make life so pleasant to those who know the security of life's most gracious gift—the true love of a mother. For these things she must be given honor.

An unknown writer has left an *Ode to Mother* which tells of an angel sent from heaven to come to earth and gather the most beautiful and wonderful things of earth which will make heaven rejoice. The angel in his search

catches the perfume of the beautiful rose in full bloom and captures the smile of a baby which is a wonder to behold. Soon, however, the angel's journey brings him to a slum-area saloon where a young man staggers from its doors to return home. The angel follows the young man to a humble hovel where an aged mother prayerfully awaits the step of her son. Without a word of condemnation or a scolding sigh the mother tucks the boy to bed and plants a kiss upon the drunken brow with loving tenderness and concern. This act of love on the part of a mother, regardless of her son's condition, so moved the angel that he added it to his collection to make heaven rejoice. Then came the journey and the angel arrived in heaven, where he opened his bag of treasures, alas, to find the fragrance of the rose had vanished, the baby's smile had faded, and much to his surprise the hosts of heaven rejoiced only because of the love of a mother for her son. This vividly illustrates the reason of the command with promise.

## THE REWARD—

*that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*

The commandment of promise not only requires honor for the reason of parents, but extends the glorious hope of reward in the longevity of life. The prerequisite for long happy living has always been found in the happy home where honor and love abound. The development of a child, socially, physically, mentally, and spiritually, is all dependent upon his environment. This environment is largely influenced by the home and the parents; thus, God faithfully and diligently rewards those who cherish honor and family felicity with the promise of a lengthened time in which to enjoy this love.

Turning to the other side of the picture a tragic scene is displayed by those who fail to heed the command of promise. Some time ago I chanced upon the product of a broken home which consisted of a drunken father, a harlot mother, and a mentally depraved seventeen-year-old girl—the inmate of an asylum because of *withdrawal from reality*. Because of her terrible experience in this godless, sin-cursed home, the girl had built her life in a dream world and had completely shut out all outside contact. A miracle drug returned her to reality for three short minutes and she answered three questions: "Do you love your father?" "No." "Do you love your mother?" "No." "Would you like to go home?" "No." (These answers were followed by extreme tears and violent weeping.) This depressing scene brought me to a silent and sincere thanks to God Almighty for fathers and, especially at this season, mothers who truly will make home the sweetest place on earth by teaching through example and love—*Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise.*

THE LAST STRAINS of the music could scarcely be heard above the ringing laughter and gay chatter of the grandchildren, as they played with their toys; but the words of the song seemed to reverberate on the air with an added depth of feeling.

*"It's worth it all to be His child,  
To serve Him through the last long mile  
It's worth it all to feel His power,  
And know He keeps me every hour."*

It was "Abbott Convention" time again. All the children had gathered home for their yearly visit with "Mom and Pop." The last remains of the dinner, that only "Mom" knew how to prepare, had been cleared from the table. The older boys were circled around the piano, some playing their musical instruments and others singing the song, *It's Worth It All*. Sitting in small groups quietly talking in low tones, were the girls as they watched their babies and small children play. Glancing around the room, I noticed Mother sitting alone, watching the scene and listening to the music with a look of deep peace and contentment on her face. As I watched the changing emotions come and go, I felt that, at that moment, I could read her inmost thoughts.

Yes, the years of sacrifices and hardships were being repaid, as she watched the fulfillment of her labor and patient, tender care in the lives of twelve children. In memory, my mind traveled back through the years with Mother. Thirty years rolled back to the time when a tent revival meeting first came to Cambridge, Maryland. There Mamma and Papa heard their first Pentecostal sermon delivered by a fiery, anointed Church of God preacher. Mother had been converted in a Pilgrim Hol-



Mrs. C. J. Abbott in the kitchen of her home with three of her grandchildren.

Featuring Mrs. C. J. Abbott, "Mother of the

## UNTO THE THIRD GENERATION

ness church when a young girl of seventeen, a few years before her marriage, but she felt her need of a deeper experience. While praying at the altar, under the tent one night, Mamma and Papa were both baptized with the Holy Ghost.

It was not long after this experience that Mother realized she would have to give up her home and start in the ministry with her family. Since Papa felt his call from God was "pioneer work"—going to areas where Pentecost had not been preached—it meant selling all the furniture and moving from place to place, refurnishing each time with articles that could be cheaply bought. There were no state funds to help in those days—working for God meant full faith in Him. After going to several new fields, Papa accepted the pastorate at Crisfield, Maryland. We lived about a mile from the church; having no car meant walking to church about four times a week. However, we managed to attend by the older ones carrying the small children in their arms. Four years later, we moved to another new field in Denton, Maryland, where the family learned to endure hardness as good soldiers.

The memories of this place and the years that followed are bright with many tears. There was a Christmas Eve one year when eighty cents was all Papa had for his purchase of gifts for Mother and ten children. He waited to shop late, hoping to find the toys and gift items reduced. My oldest sister, Elizabeth, and I went along with Papa, thinking we could assist in his selections, but we had waited too long; all the stores were closed when we arrived in town! Silently, we drove back home, heartbroken, trying to choke back the tears; but when we thought of telling Mother, who was anxiously awaiting our return, we sat and wept together in the car. Yet Mother never grumbled or complained. She cheerfully made home as bright and festive as possible for the children in her own loving way. When evening came, we had celebrated Christmas Day without any bitterness in our hearts.

The memories that followed are just as full of tears. When there was no money through the winter months to buy food, Mother would watch the thinly clad children go out into the fields and pick greens until they were blue with cold. Somehow, Mother's cheerful smile always encouraged us—and kept the family spirits buoyant through all the hard places. There were times when we sat around the table and ate dry beans that had been



of the Year"

# THIRD GENERATION

By MRS. PAUL S. COOK  
Kingsport, Tennessee

cooked in clear water, without anything added. Still there was no complaining from any of the family, for Mother had taught us by her Christian life to be good soldiers of the cross.

IN CUMBERLAND, Maryland, there is a tiny unmarked grave on the hillside that mutely tells of Mother's greatest sacrifice in carrying the gospel with her husband. In this city, God took the most precious jewel of the home—our six-months-old baby boy. Yet Mother bore this trial in the same sweet spirit, attending to the needs of her family and church without faltering, encouraging us to live right so our family circle could be complete in heaven. It was later when my youngest brother was born. My oldest sister had married and left home by this time. As the second oldest, the care of the home was mine, while Mother was sick. I can vividly recall how Papa and I tried to scrape together a few pennies to buy food for Mother's need. We would serve her meals in her bedroom and then close the door while the rest of the family ate their food so she would not know how little we had. Mother was not deceived, but she played along with us, until one day a check came in the mail from a Christian friend, many miles away, who was impressed by God to send us some money. When Mother opened the letter, she started crying and praising God at the same time for answering her prayer and providing for our needs at this time.

It was during these years of hardships that the family learned to trust God's promises and to know that He would not fail. There was no doctor when the children were sick, but the prayers of a Christian mother and father during the hours of night released the power of God and we were made whole. Healing for bodies may have come recently to some people, but our family found this source of power over thirty years ago!

The care of a large family and serving the Church as a minister's wife never made the day too crowded for the family altar. The children were never sent to bed without Bible reading and prayer. Many times in life, we children have been tempted to go astray from home teaching, but it was the ringing voice of Mother, mingled with Papa's around the family altar, that stopped us in our tracks and caused us to make the right decision. Not only were her husband and children blessed, but home was a gathering place for the young people and members of the Church, constantly. Mother

was always ready to counsel with them, helping in her quiet unassuming manner, whenever needed.

As my mind traveled the years and came back to the present, I noticed Mother's eyes still watching the children, lingering for awhile at one and then going on to another. There was Emerson at the piano playing while Lloyd sang—both successful ministers in the Church of God. Two of the girls married ministers. The other married children are active in their local churches as Sunday School teachers, song leaders, Y.P.E. presidents and in various other offices. She had made one request of God when the children were small: that God would let her live to see them all saved, grown and married to Christian companions. Her request is about fulfilled. Only two boys remain to be married, and her full petition will be granted.

Mother's name will never be honored as a great author, painter or career woman. History may never record that she ever lived or died. But in the hearts of twelve children she has left an imprint that will long endure; for her life today still exerts its influence—even unto the third generation!

*You painted no Madonnas  
On chapel walls in Rome  
But with a touch diviner  
You lived one in your home.*

*You wrote no lofty poems;  
That critics counted art,  
But with a nobler vision  
You lived them in your heart.*

*You carved no shapeless marble  
To some high soul-design  
But with a finer sculpture  
You shaped this soul of mine*

*You built no great cathedrals  
That centuries applaud;  
But with a grace exquisite  
Your life cathedraled God.*

*Author unknown.*



Mrs. Abbott teaching her class of children at the Bridgeville, Delaware, Church of God. Mrs. Abbott has been a Sunday School teacher for the past 27 years.



Mrs. Estel Colyer



## Honorable Mention

for



Mrs. Adam Selman

**A** M. PHILLIPS, Overseer of Kentucky, says, "Sister Colyer is a loyal member of the Church of God at Somerset, Kentucky. She is a faithful and loyal member of the Willing Workers' Band. She likes to raise missions money and supports missions in every way. She has been a member of the Church since 1918. She has three children who are all Christians and two of them are members of the Church. Sister Colyer has been a leader in the Church for years. She is a wonderful teacher. Her main desire is to always try to get souls saved. Every week she leads a special prayer band in praying for the missionaries. She is a wonderful mother in the home, always helping the needy and praying for the sick in her community. She is loved by her family, the church and the community. For thirty-five years Sister Colyer has led souls to Christ. She has always tried to help young ministers on their ways. I can say again that she is a great Bible teacher and always encourages people to read the Bible."

## "Mother of the Year"

Proverbs 31:10-12, 25-28

*"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life . . . Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children*

**D** G. HOMNER, Overseer of Washington-Oregon, says, "Sister Selman is a faithful member of the Salem, Oregon, Church of God, a faithful tither and a good mother. She moved from North Dakota to Oregon and was instrumental in helping to establish the first Church of God in Oregon—Salem. I understand she lived in the country during the opening of the first church and had to walk several miles with her small children for services. She has raised six children. Two have married ministers. One—Laverne Selman, who is a fine Christian worker—works for the Gospel Light Press in California. I understand the other three are Christians. At present Sister Selman is an invalid, having suffered from a stroke. Although an invalid, she is taking her illness very bravely."

*arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."*

### "MOTHER OF THE YEAR"

(Continued from page 3)

She and her husband are now pastoring in Bridgeville, Delaware, where she has a fine Sunday School class of young people. She has lived a true and faithful life and I am sure she can say with Paul, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.'

HONORABLE MENTION is given to Mrs. Estel Colyer, of Somerset, Kentucky, and Mrs. Adam Selman of Salem, Oregon. Both of these fine mothers deserve our honor and appreciation. They have done a great work for the kingdom of God and only He can reward them for their faithfulness.

The *Evangel* pays tribute to the myriad of outstanding Christian mothers in the Church of God. Since it is not possible to honor all of them by name, we must honor them through Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Colyer, and Mrs. Selman. They symbolize all the mothers, and for all the mothers we are grateful.

# revivals

## Church Revived During Regular Services

**KALAMAZOO, Mich.**—On the Sunday nights of January 8, 15, and 22 and also on Friday, January 27, a wonderful revival spirit swept the Church of God at 331 Ingleside Terrace. The church had been praying for such a meeting. The power of God was manifested by His saving, sanctifying, and Holy Ghost baptizing among our young people and adults. Fifteen were saved, 23 sanctified, 18 filled with the Holy Ghost, and 17 added to the Church. The church was filled each Sunday night, and we had prayer for the sick. Many were healed by the healing power of God. Some persons for whom the church had been praying made their ways to the altar. We thank God for these wonderful services.—A. L. Chester, Pastor.

## Baby Healed During Revival

**TORRANCE, Calif.**—God was so wonderful in sending us a great revival. For three weeks we enjoyed the presence of the Holy Ghost. Each night, the power of God was present to convict the sinners and to heal the sick. One Baptist lady brought her baby to the service and God worked a miracle. The soft spot of the baby's head was growing up too fast. The doctors had taken X-rays which revealed the imperfection. After prayer was made, the next day the doctors took X-rays again. The baby's head was normal and had only grown an inch. Seventeen were saved in the revival, several received the Holy Ghost, 14 were baptized in water, and 13 were added to the Church. Our evangelist, Brother Winfred A. Petty of Chattanooga, Tennessee, was a great blessing to our church. We appreciate him very much. He may be secured for a revival by contacting the California State Office, P. O. Box 1344, Fresno, California.—W. E. Combs, Pastor.

## Eleven Converted During Revival

**POMPONO BEACH, Fla.**—Recently, we had a wonderful revival conducted by Brother and Sister Robert Watson of Ocala, Florida. Eleven were saved, 5 sanctified, and 2 filled with the Holy Ghost. Our church was greatly blessed through the ministry of both these fine young people.—M. E. Fussell, Pastor.

## Family Conducts Successful Meetings

**DAGNAN, W. Va.**—The Church of God at Dagnan has recently closed a successful revival with the Hardy Family Evangelistic Party. During the two weeks' revival 15 received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and 10 were added to the Church. Brother

Hardy's party also conducted a revival at the Dagnan church in January in which 12 were saved, 12 sanctified, 8 filled with the Holy Ghost, and 8 were added to the Church. Brother Hardy and his family have joined the Church of God, and I can truly recommend them to any church as God-fearing, Holy Ghost-filled workers. God is blessing us in Dagnan. We have had our church only two and a half years. We started in my home with 7 children, my good wife and me. We have now an average Sunday School attendance of 58 each Sunday.—Charles F. Ely, Sr., Pastor.

## Evangelist Assisted By Church

**CITRONELLE, Ala.**—Recently, I conducted a 32 nights' revival at the Citronelle Church. Thirteen were saved, 2 filled with the Holy Ghost, 6 baptized in water, and 1 was added to the Church. The people gave me \$325 on a gospel tent besides the other offerings. As long as I have been

preaching I do not believe that I have ever met any better people. By the help of the Lord, I soon will be available with a 60 x 60 tent for tent revivals. I play the Hawaiian and Spanish Guitars and teach music.—Marvin Royster, Route 1, Lafayette, Alabama.

## Thirty-two Receive the Holy Ghost

**SOUTH RICHMOND, Va.**—Many hearts at South Richmond are rejoicing and praising God for His priceless gift of saving grace and the most precious Holy Ghost, which was so graciously poured out upon us during the past four weeks' revival. Nineteen were saved, 18 sanctified, and 32 filled with the Holy Ghost. God has certainly visited us. We praise Him for the dedicated "life of service" of our dear Sister Della Patrick from Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, who conducted this meeting. Truly, she is carrying a burden for the lost, and we thank the Lord because He sent her to our church.—Audrey Ballinger, Reporter. H. M. Burchett, Pastor.

BEING STALKED DESPITE THE INJECTION





## Journey to South Africa

# Via Great Britain

By Houston R. Morehead  
Assistant General Overseer



Ray H. Hughes (left) and Houston R. Morehead as they met in London, March 15. Hughes was in England on a preaching tour at the time Morehead passed through on his way to South Africa.

**T**HE RAIN IS falling all around. Small streamlets are rushing along, and pools of water indicate the earth is well saturated from the weeks of regular rainfall in this part of the country. Overhead a dark grey canopy of clouds quite blots out all sunlight and promises an unrelenting rainfall for many hours to come. However, Pan American promises to keep the schedule and will leave the airport at 4:00 p.m.

I was met at La Guardia Field by Brother Sindle. We proceeded to the church in Brooklyn. The service was in progress with an inspiring crowd present. We enjoyed a gracious service and were all refreshed by the presence of the Holy Spirit. I spoke

to the congregation, and God graciously confirmed the preaching of His Word.

The day of my departure was a busy one. I called at the Egyptian Consulate and picked up my visa and passport. From there I proceeded to the Union of South African Consulate. To my great disappointment my visa could not be issued, because the New York office had not yet received confirmation from South Africa. This was most disappointing. In New York I was advised not to proceed to South Africa without my visa. For me to attempt to enter without it would only insure rejection and would, possibly, bar my entrance in the future. This was very disappointing. I could not

but reflect how much worse it will be for all those who try to enter into the kingdom of God on that day of all days and will not be able to enter—eternally barred from all the blessings of that country of perfect bliss.

I decided to proceed to England and, if necessary, go to Germany earlier than planned. However, if I found that I had been confirmed through the South African Consulate in London, England, I would proceed on to South Africa as originally planned.

My flight across the Atlantic was a pleasant one, although the overcast of clouds quite shut out a view of the blue waters of the Atlantic during most of the trip.

Flying above the clouds, I could see them standing out in sharp contrast to the earth below, from which I had only recently arisen. Beneath, the dark grey clouds shut out the rays of the sun. The raindrops were pelting the earth and all exposed to it while the grey mist enclosed us, limiting our view to but a short distance.

Above the clouds, the Sun was shining in all her glory and strength. The rays shining upon the clouds had changed the grey to a glistening silver. As far as my vision could view in every direction, I could see them, in varied forms and colors. At times they appeared like immense wastelands of snow, glistening in the sunlight, or, again, as the sun was sinking over the horizon, the clouds were transformed into a deep, glowing red, softening to the multicolors of the rainbow.

SO IT IS with life. Today we may be shut in with the clouds of this life, but tomorrow we shall ascend above them and triumph over them. That which appeared to be black and disappointing has changed into glory and joyous victory in the sunlight of the Son of God who is our Life and our Victory.

I arrived in London, England, on Thursday, March 15. Brother Ray H. Hughes was at the London airport to greet me. I was happy to see him. He did not attempt to hide his joy on seeing me. News from home was the principal subject for the next hour or so. He eagerly received news of his wife and children, having been away from them for many weeks. Information concerning the Church and her work was a great concern to both of us. Having refreshed him with this information, I was anxious to learn how he had been received in the British Isles and what progress had been made for the Church.

I soon realized that God had set before him an open door. Most of the fundamental Pentecostal churches had welcomed him into their midst, inviting him into their churches where he preached the unsearchable riches of Christ to Christians and hungry sinners.

The two major Pentecostal groups are the Assemblies of Britain (separate from the Assemblies of the States) and the Elim Churches. Both of these groups are doing a commendable work in the British Isles and in missions work in foreign fields. There are also numerous independent, Pentecostal churches which are performing a

praiseworthy work for Christ and His Church.

I was privileged to meet some of the prominent pastors and leaders whom Brother Hughes had previously met. They desired greatly to learn about the work being done by the Church of God in the United States and other parts of the world. We, too, were anxious to acquire information relative to their work and progress in the British Isles.

The Assemblies of England are predominantly congregational in government, not nearly so tightly knit together in general as are some congregationally governed groups in the States. They do enjoy some very lovely congregations and able ministers among them.

The Elim Churches are strongly knit together through a very efficient, centralized government very similar to our own. They, too, have some excellent congregations and pastors well-qualified to care for their churches. I particularly observed that not only the ministers are well-qualified in their theology but also the laymen are astute Biblical students of the Word.

It was the privilege of Brother Hughes and myself to have luncheon with some of the officials of the Elim Church on the fifteenth, the day of my arrival in London. We were privileged to visit their school which is situated in a charming and beautiful setting. At one time it was used for a monastery, but now it is occupied by Pentecostal believers. Orthodox, fundamental, Spirit-filled teachers are training youth to further the full-gospel message of Pentecostal truth.

They also own and operate a well-equipped and very modern publishing house which is now being taxed to its fullest capacity. Evidently, a program of building expansion is being forced upon them in the near future. They are printing and sending out the gospel in many different languages.

During our very pleasant session with the brethren, I was most happy to learn that they are carrying forward a progressive and sound program for Christ in their part of the world. In our discussion with them, it was evident that we have much which is of common interest in the carrying out of the Great Commission of Jesus Christ according to Matthew 28:19.

There is no doubt in my mind that the evil temper of our times is pressing upon us the need to exert a much greater effort to carry out our Lord's

commission, for we see the day approaching—that day which is the day of all days—in which the Lord will judge the world in righteous judgment.

The Christian warmth with which the British brethren received us, the high compliments paid to our Brother Ray H. Hughes everywhere throughout the country, the glowing testimonies concerning the marvelous results from his sermons, and the open door everywhere gave eloquent testimony to the able and faithful service rendered by our Ambassador of Good Will. The people with whom I met and talked, ministers and laymen alike, expressed love and admiration for him and urged that he either continue with them or return again to visit them soon. We may well be proud of the work Brother Hughes has done.

I WAS privileged to visit the home and church of John Wesley which I shall not attempt to describe at this time, since Brother Hughes ably wrote an interesting article on this. I must say I was deeply impressed as I sensed in my surroundings the remains of a man who contributed so much good to the world of his time and of the centuries which have followed. I was stirred within my soul as I looked at the quill with which he penned his final letter in an appeal for liberty for the slaves of the world. As I looked at the grave of John Wesley, Susanna, his mother, John Bunyan and other great celebrities of their time, I reflected upon the resurrection morning. Just to contemplate that glorious event caused my heart to palpitate with joy.

At noon on the seventeenth we took a train to Birmingham, England, where we visited in the home of The Reverend J. J. Morgan, a Pentecostal minister, who pastors a church in the vicinity.

Leaving Birmingham, we proceeded to Wolverhampton, some twenty-five miles distance. Here, a church has been set in order for the Church of God. The membership consists mostly of Jamaicans. Approximately one hundred thousands Jamaicans and Indians have moved to this area and reside in a very large settlement in this city. Among them are some who were members of the Church of God in Jamaica.

At this time the work is in its formative state. Brother Lyseight, the Overseer, is a competent and able minister. He rejoiced to be privileged to have fellowship with us, as did all the

ministers and laymen. These precious people, who are far removed from our General Headquarters, long to have personal fellowship with the leaders of the Church. They desire to know them, and it is to the good of both them and the Church to do so.

This particular congregation is, at the present, seeking a permanent building in which to be housed. Let us pray that God will supply the need. All who know the opportunity among these people agree that a ripe and abundant harvest is to be reaped among them.

Pastor Brown had made provisions for a special service in a very attractive Baptist church building. Normally they use a youth center. However, since they had several candidates for water baptism, they needed a baptistry. They were very grateful to the Baptist Church and its pastor for the use of their facilities. The auditorium was well-fille with Jamaicans and English people.

Representatives of the press were there to interview Brother Hughes and me and to take some pictures for possible use in the press.

The Church of God has done a work in Jamaica of which it can be proud. The Overseer and his ministers reflect the excellent training they have received in their home island by the well-ordered manner in which they conduct their services. It was my personal pleasure to address them on this occasion.

The baptismal service was very sacred and impressive. Eight were baptized. After the service Brother Hughes, Brother Lyseight, and I met with several ministers for the purpose of personal interviews. One was The Reverend McCartney, an intelligent and able minister who is presently pastoring a church in the greater London area. He plans to unite with the Church and endeavor to bring his church into the Church of God. It is his desire to open new works and turn them over to new pastors as rapidly as the churches are strong enough to support them. God has graciously supplied his needs thus far. Others were ministers in need of instruction and help, and several came for the purpose of ministerial examination.

It was late in the night when we finished. The room was quite cold and our breath was easily discernible in the frigid atmosphere. However, the warm, hospitable character of the people made up for any slight inconvenience. Late in the evening Sister

Peddle, one of the Christian women, served a very tasty lunch with hot tea which we all relished.

Having completed the business at hand, we went to our room in a clean, but moderate, hotel in the city. The rooms were heated with a very small, electric heater, provided you had the coins for the meter.

ON SUNDAY morning we arose reasonably early (as we did each morning) to go to Birmingham where we took the train to Newcastle-on-Tyne. This place is over two hundred miles from the city of Birmingham.

Brother Lyseight and Brother Peddie were kind enough to take us to the point of departure. After a considerable delay, we were able to board the train on our journey to visit a lovely congregation of Spirit-filled saints of God. The pastor, Brother Harrison, had invited Brother Hughes to visit with them at this particular time.

We traveled throughout the day. The journey was interesting. The villages, cities and countryside were steeped in the history of days gone by, which I feebly attempted to recall and relate to my passing surroundings.

An interesting side light to our journey was that in the rush of everything and our unexpected delay, we had to board the train without breakfast. The first train we boarded did not serve meals or sandwiches. We changed trains late in the afternoon and were able to obtain a light, cold lunch and some hot tea. By this time it truly tasted good.

The train was late getting into Newcastle-on-Tyne. Concerned lest the pastor should be disturbed about our late arrival, Brother Hughes called en route to notify him that we would be a little late on arrival. Finding he could not get the pastor on the phone, he talked to the police of the city; and they very kindly consented to take the message to the pastor.

One of the laymen, a very precious Christian brother, and two young boys were at the station to greet us. The sincere earnestness with which they greeted us made one glad to be a Christian. On our way to catch a bus which was to take us to the church, we met some other laymen of the church who had gone to another station to make sure we were not missed.

Arriving at the church, we found the service had been under way for possibly fifteen minutes. The pastor, a handsome young man, was directing the whole church in song. My heart

rejoiced in the Spirit as I sensed the presence of God's Holy Spirit. Some of the songs were quite familiar. They decided to sing a new chorus for us which they had just learned. I quickly recognized it as one which we had known for many years. I am sure most of you will recall the words, *I am feeling so much better, talking about this good old way. I am feeling so much better, talking about the Lord. Well, let's go on! Let's go on! Talking about the Lord.* They sang beautifully and with strong emotion.

We were soon introduced by the pastor, after a fervent prayer by the congregation. I greeted the people briefly; then Brother Hughes preached a soul-stirring message which moved the people. Several indicated they wanted prayer that they might be restored the joy of salvation.

After the altar call they have what is understood as the *After-service*, a period of testimonies. One woman gave a most impressive testimony of healing in a previous service. She had been injured during the bombing raids. She testified that God had instantly healed her of a head injury. I was called on in the service to make a brief talk relative to our work in the States. Brother Hughes also talked briefly on the subject. Then we had a healing service. The congregation was dismissed after this.

Service over, the pastor's charming wife served some sandwiches, cookies, and hot tea which she had prepared for a lunch. She also prepared some sandwiches for us to take with us on our journey.

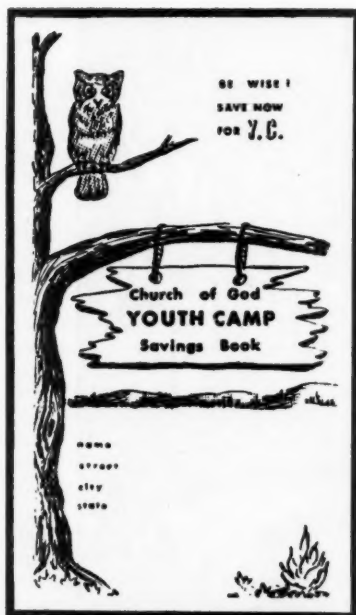
They accompanied us to the station to see us off for London in order for me to catch an early plane for Johannesburg, South Africa. En route, Brother Hughes was quite ill. Upon awaking at five a.m., after traveling throughout the night, he was much improved, and we were grateful.

The air was crisp and cold in London at that early morning hour. We hurried to the place where we went into the underground passage to catch one of the underground trains. Forty-five minutes later we were at the office of the B.O.A.C. where I soon bade Brother Hughes goodbye and departed for Africa. Brother Hughes remained to fill several engagements throughout the week before returning to the United States on the following Monday.

I hope soon to write some of my personal impressions of England—a ripened, harvest field, ready for the harvest.



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